



METHODIST PROTESTANT.

ORIGINAL RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

For the Methodist Protestant.
VIRGINIA.

Norfolk, Feb. 27, 1832.

DEAR BROTHER—I herewith send you a sketch of the proceedings of our late Conference. I think there is reason to believe that more attention will be paid to the interest of the paper, books, &c. this year than heretofore.

I was much pleased with our Conference—our prospects, I think, have brightened—our preachers have gone to their work freely, and in fine spirits. We send out a force, stronger in both number and talents, than at any former period. Our young men do well, they have improved very much. Yours, &c.

JOHN FRENCH.

VIRGINIA CONFERENCE.

The fourth Annual Conference of Ministers and lay delegates of the Methodist Protestant Church for the Virginia district, convened at Wesley Chapel, in Brunswick county, the 9th of February, agreeably to appointment, and adjourned on the 15th.

On reviewing the labours of the past year, the Conference saw great cause of gratitude to Almighty God for his goodness and mercy in enlarging the borders, and increasing the numbers of our infant Zion. For notwithstanding the arrangements which were made were all broken up, and every effort well nigh neutralized by the unhappy occurrence of the last summer,* there was an increase of two hundred and twenty-six members, and six preachers.

The present number in this District, is
Stationed ministers and preachers, 17
Unstationed do. 16

Total of ministers and preachers,	33
Members,	886

Total of ministers and members,	919
<i>The Ministers and Preachers are stationed for the present year as follows:</i>	

JOHN FRENCH, President.
Smithfield Circuit, including Norfolk:—Chas. Rountree, Robert B. Thomson.

Hampton Circuit:—John Godwin, Adolphus C. Shaver.

Petersburg Circuit:—Benedict G. Burgess.
Lynchburg Station:—John G. Whitfield.

Lynchburg Circuit:—Livingston Walker, Allen S. Fleshman, John Percival.

Northern Neck Circuit:—Jacob M. Jennings.
Matthews Ct:—Miles King; another to be sent.

Dinwiddie Circuit:—Ira A. Easter.

Abingdon Station:—Lewis F. Cosby.
Nelson, (circuit to be formed)—Wm. Pinnell.

Conference Missionaries:—Rich'd Lattimore and Wm. H. Comann.

Conference Steward:—Miles Nash of Norfolk.
There were elected to orders seven Deacons, and four Elders.

*Troubles occasioned by the coloured people.

John Blount, who was appointed to travel with the President the last year, sickened in June, and died on the 3d of January. In his death, our infant Zion met with a great loss. He had been a preacher about 28 years.

The following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That the stationary power be vested in the President.

Resolved, That the Conference do approve the article in the editorial department of the Methodist Protestant of the 3d inst.; and set apart the first Friday in September next as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God for the signal success which has attended the preaching of the Gospel within the bounds of the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, and that the observance of the same be recommended to all the churches.

Resolved, That the President of the Conference be requested to preach the introductory sermon at its next sitting.

Resolved, That the members of this Conference use their influence to increase the number of subscribers to the Methodist Protestant, and make collections for the same.

Resolved, That the books and papers belonging to the Conference be placed in the hands of the Conference Steward, and that he be requested to bring them to its next sitting.

Resolved, That our next Conference be held at Chuckatuck church, Nansemond county, commencing the first Thursday in February, 1833, at 9 o'clock A.M.

According to the decision of the last Conference, the delegates to conference are to be elected in the following manner:—"In each circuit the superintendent shall give notice to each class leader eight weeks previous to the last Quarterly Meeting Conference, that there shall be held in each class belonging to the circuit an election by ballot for a member to represent them in the Annual Conference, which election shall be conducted by the leader of each class, whose duty it shall be to make a sealed return of the election to the next Quarterly Meeting Conference, when it shall be the duty of said conference to ascertain who has the greatest number of votes from the class or classes on the circuit.

"In Stations, the delegate shall be elected by ballot at such time and place as the Quarterly Meeting Conference shall designate."

For the Methodist Protestant.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Connellsville, February 20, 1832.

DEAR BROTHER,—We are doing well as a church in this section of the country.

Our organization as a church took place in the month of April, 1831. At that time we were in number about 85 members—we have now a circuit containing four hundred and thirty-eight members.

Since our conference we have had an increase of more than one hundred members,

and our prospects are highly promising. The people in this region generally love christian liberty; and all Protestants, except the Episcopal Methodists, admire our government.

Yours in haste, MOSES SCOTT.

For the Methodist Protestant.
OHIO.

Springfield, Clarke county, Feb. 17, 1832.

DEAR BROTHER,—With regard to the Mutual Rights and Methodist Protestant, I must say I am quite well pleased with it, and do most heartily wish to see it more generally and widely circulated. Could the people but know the contents of the work without first encountering the expense necessarily attendant on its enjoyment, I doubt not that many who are now destitute of it, would curtail other expenses, if necessary, in order to put themselves in possession of this weekly treat. So soon as I shall have my first volume bound, I intend lending it to others, believing that thereby a taste will be contracted for the further enjoyment of the work. I am sincerely glad to learn that you are obtaining new patrons in many parts of the country. The cause you are engaged in is not a matter of mere dry speculation—a thing in itself indifferent, which may with equal safety be patronized or exploded. Could I have believed this to be the case, I certainly could not have obtained my own consent, to step off and leave the church of my early choice, after I had been a member of it for near 33 years. But the cause of Christian liberty is and will be the cause of God, and as such deserves to be encouraged, and will surely, ultimately, triumph. Why then should we be discouraged.

Yours, &c. SAUL HENKLE.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Feb. 15, 1832.

DEAR BROTHER,—Through mercy I am in good health at present. Our city has been unusually afflicted this winter. The bitter coldness of the weather—the many destructive fires—the high price of fuel and provisions—the severe attack of the influenza, which affected all and closed the lives of many—the wrecking of steam boats and other water craft at the breaking up of the ice, have all conspired to render our chastisement considerable. And in addition to all these severe afflictions, we have at this time one of the most destructive freshets ever witnessed in the Ohio river. The water is several feet higher than it has been known to be since the first settling of the place, and still on the rise. A large portion of the lower level of the city is covered with water. The loss and damage of property is immense. The city council have interferred in behalf of the poor sufferers, assisting them with drays, craft, &c.

The members of our church are much stirred up at present. Our prayer meetings are lively and interesting—the brethren are greatly encouraged to believe these are the dawning of better times. Lord grant they may be!

Yours, &c. C. SPRINGER,

METHODIST PROTESTANT.

For the Methodist Protestant
TENNESSEE.

Clear Creek, February 4, 1832.

DEAR BROTHER.—Protestant Methodists are firm in this country—floods of persecution does not move us—but we have to move forward with a lamp in one hand and a sword in the other. Ours is a defensive war—our opponents seem to direct their main force against our lamps—they prevail on some to shut their eyes against the light—but some will read, think, and speak in despite of consequences. Not one in our circuit or state has left our communion that I have heard of. Yours, &c.

EDMUND D. TARVER.

For the Methodist Protestant.

AN EXTRACT.

Abingdon, Va. Feb. 17, 1832.

"Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of reflection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our temper; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and, therefore, is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God."

EULOGIST.

For the Methodist Protestant.

It is presumed that but few copies of the following Eulogium are now extant. A friend and subscriber has handed a MS. copy, from which we publish. We have no doubt of its welcome reception by our readers. We deem it worthy of record on the pages of the Methodist Protestant, and tender our thanks to the gentleman who furnished it.

(NUMBER 1.)

From the pen of the late Richard Henry Lee, Esq.

Columbia mourns, her WASHINGTON is now no more on earth. Her father, friend, and patron, who ruled her councils, and who fought her battles, has departed hence, at death's dread call. And weeping nature wrapt in sadness, sickens at the thought. Yes, Columbia! thou art mourning—and thou wilt mourn! until the memory of his deeds, and the love of virtue are no more.

Who, like Washington! shall inspire thy sons with confidence; guide thy senates; lead thy armies; and uphold thy union? That union! which like himself, combines the social virtues, the manly affections, and all the noblest objects of the human soul. That union, whose dissolution, like that of his, will not only afflict Columbia with the pang of woe; but must sink her to the abyss of ruin.

When Washington! lived, we had one common mind—one common head—one common heart—we were united—we were strong—we were safe. His vigilance gave us rest; his council gave us wisdom; and his name gave us an host. But he is now no more, and we in sadness, must ever deplore the loss. Silence would best become our grief; but it would not become our love. Then as our love, is even greater

than our grief; we must speak. We must express our gratitude, we must shew our admiration. And thus, will kind nature lessen our weight of sorrow. Yes, there is one consolation left us—and that is, to proclaim to a listening world, his deeds of matchless merit.

While Washington! was yet a youth; his country invaded by the savage foe, was threatened from the west with all the horrors of French and Indian war: at this awful moment—when the wise were confounded, and the valiant made to fear—then appeared the heroic soul of this young patriot. He stood forth, devoted to his country. His offered service was accepted—he explored the pathless wilderness, filled with the lurking savage; he traversed the rude and rocky mountains to the Ohio's bank, and brought thence the wanted intelligence. The enemy were there. The war ensues—he fights—his judgment saves a flying army—his valor checks the vicious foe. Monongahela witnessed the deed, where the ill fated Braddock fell.

After this he commands; and victory auspicious, declares Washington her future favorite; as he best deserves her smiles.

The enemy discomfited and beaten; a peace succeeds with bright advantages; the acquisition of a country, new and wide.

Washington! entwined with laurel, returns to his native home, equally the object of esteem and admiration. There he is the dutiful son; the affectionate brother; the faithful friend; the generous companion; the endearing husband; and the peaceful citizen. Under his own vine, and his own fig tree, he is the theme of the brave; the example of the good; the counsel of the wise; the benefactor of the poor; and the friend of mankind. His heart attuned to the finest touches of nature, feels with the unfortunate and distressed. His hands fraught with the bounties of Heaven; the fruits of his own industry; hold out raiment for the naked; food for the hungry; and relief for the sick, and for the maimed.

But alas! he is gone; no more to enlighten our councils with wisdom; no more to lead our armies to victory; no more to relieve the wants of the needy; no more to give confidence to his friends; no more to gladden the countenance of the sad; no more to ornament the virtues of the age. Yet he lives in the hearts of the American people; in the valor of the brave; in the esteem of the good; in the admiration of the world. And memory! immortal memory! shall to endless ages perpetuate his name.

The worth of Washington was not yet fully known. Once more the gathering storm of war coming now from the east, agitates his peaceful country. His rights are violated; privileges abridged; her tribute claimed; her shores invaded; her subjugation tried. A sense of power, requiring submission presents itself; endless in duration, and boundless in extent. From the Atlantic to the mountains; from Georgia to Maine, all is commotion. While resentment, hope and despair alternately predominate.

Then Washington! amidst the patriots, heroes, and sages of the land, pre-eminent in the potent energy of his exalted mind, extends his view through all ranks and orders of his countrymen. He counts their numbers; he rates their talents; he tries their courage; he measures their fortitude; he estimates their means; he stops not here, but surveys the enemy; he sees them great in their strength; powerful in their riches, and mighty in their arms. He is not dismayed.

On the one hand, is liberty, independence, empire; his country's empire: flourishing in agriculture, in commerce, in arts, and in sciences. On the other, her rights abridged, her laws con-

trouled, her empire lost, her genius sunk, her enterprise extinguished. There stood death, conquest and freedom; death to be braved; conquest to be won; and freedom gained; or all was lost. The task was bold, but the prize was great; it was his country's good. Here was submission, safety, office, riches, praise; for him a boon; all in the gift of royal bounty. He assumed the latter; and he claimed the first. For his country it was, and not for himself he dared. His voice decides; and all resolve, on *liberty or death*.

The seniors of the nation now in congress sat pondering the mighty matters of impending war; and the no less weighty choice of a military chief. A choice big with the fate of American liberty, and the unalienable rights of man; the rights of self-government. Now stood the guardian angel of infant liberty in agonies of doubt—now the genius of America, suspended on her wings, hovered in trepidation—when Washington, resplendent in the eyes of his compeers, was with one voice, proclaimed *generalissimo*. The attendant messengers caught the joyous sound, and spreading it through America, it was thence reverberated to heaven's highest arch.

Washington now repairs to camp near Boston. Here he finds collected the brave, though untutored sons of liberty. With sensations of joy they receive him, by silence best expressed. He on his part, surveys them as his brethren in arms, devoted to the sacred cause of liberty. He teaches them order, military pride, the love of fame, and discipline.

A war of seven years succeeds, with revolution, and the dismemberment of a mighty empire. Great were the dangers, great the toils, and great the services which Washington encountered, shared and performed.

When from the arduous labors, and the busy scenes of day, all others sought rest and sleep, save the wakeful sentinel on his post; at the midnight hour, Washington denied himself to repose: he in his tents, the thin taper burning by his side, sits profound in thought; intent only on the safety, the accommodation, and the success of his patriotic band; his little army: the proof and hope of his country's fame and fortune. Hence it is, that congress is inspired with the surest wisdom, their best resolves; hence it is, that confidence is diffused throughout the states; hence it is, that measures of defence, and schemes of attack are projected; hence it is, that the enemy learn to respect his name, and to fear his talents; and hence it is, that the universe reveres his wisdom, and admits his fame unrivaled.

Is there danger, he is first to meet it; is there labor, he is first to share it; is there distress, he is first to feel it; is there merit, he is first to praise it; is there service, he is first to perform it. In council he is wisest among the wise; in battle, he is bravest among the brave. His officers love him; he is their companion. His soldiers adore him; he is their safety. His fellow-citizens admire him; he is their protector. To him their rights are sacred; their liberties dear; and their independence the first wish of his heart. Numerous are the difficulties with which he has to contend; various are the obstacles which he has to surmount; uncertain and changeable is the fate of war. But Washington rises superior to all opposition; he recruits his army ever declining by the discharge of men whose time of service had expired; he disciplines his troops, for ever new by the accession of fresh recruits. This, although the least brilliant, is not the least interesting or important part of his

service. With inferior numbers he guards his country; and he intercepts his adversary.

Long Island, is ready to attest his undaunted courage; the *Delaware*, his invincible fortitude; and *Trenton*, a most splendid victory.

His capacious and ever active mind, ranges the extensive limits of his country; his orders regulate the movements, while his soul animates the skill and courage of his distant armies. A *Gates*, a *Morgan*, and a *Greene*, are victorious, and Washington's liberal praise is reflected on himself. Misfortune neither abates his affection, nor diminishes his confidence. Nothing but vice can forfeit his esteem. On that he frowns with an unrelenting brow.

Himself in adversity, he is not depressed; in prosperity he is not elated; one even tenor marks the majesty of his mind; whilst its prompt expedients and never failing resources, prove it equally active, as it is sublime.

Thus through the war, to its last scene, he supports the high expectations of his country's hope; and this now approaches which he crowns with glory. *The siege of York*, ever memorable in American annals, was conducted by *Washington* in person. Here his standard was erected; and his country rallied round him—here his banners were unfurled; his trumpets sounded, and himself led to battle, and to conquest; here he captured a British army. Here the *lion* and *unicorn* crouched before his presence; here proud Albion laid her laurels at his feet, and here *Washington* with his own hand planted the never dying tree of liberty.

Now the trumpet of fame sounds loud, and for his deeds of worth unequalled; now his army is devoted to his will; now his fellow-citizens offer themselves to his disposal. After so long and strenuous an exertion, the relaxation on their part was extreme.

An opinion of present safety, and of certain peace, absorbed the faculties of the people, and betrayed the vigilance and judgment of their civil rulers. A definitive peace, was however not yet proclaimed; nor the army disbanded, although greatly neglected. It was ill fed, ill clothed, and ill paid; it was kept together solely from motives of love and respect for its general. He was incessant in his importunities to congress to do it justice. But painful to relate, that army which merited every thing and got nothing; that army which solicited its rights, and received only a protraction of its wrongs; that army which under *Washington* had given liberty to its country; so inconsistent are men; began now to frown on the production of its own travail and labor. Thus the wretched mother in the hard gripe of cold, of hunger, and of penury, despairing of future relief, abandons or destroys the infant offspring of her bosom.

In the army, the low murmur of discontent, at first whispered through the ranks, was now turned to loud complaint and open menace; even the project of military government, and self-redress was proclaimed. Such was the rage of want, disappointment and despair. Had not *Washington* been there, from that moment *Liberty* had been lost. Had he been a *Cesar*, his army would have made him an emperor. But being *Washington*, he brought that army to respect the civil authority. He convinced his officers themselves, sore with service and with suffering; he addressed his soldiers, maddening under a sense of their wrongs; he hears their complaints; he knows them just; he soothes their anguish; he assures them of redress; he invokes them by them by the love they bear him; by the good of their country; by the sacred name of

liberty; by all their honorable service; by their most brilliant victories; and by their own unsullied fame, to relinquish so afflicting an idea, as that of turning their arms against their fellow-citizens. He conjures them to return to their duty; to compose themselves, and to wait from congress, the justice of their country, which could not be long withheld. They are now irresolute what to do; a sullen melancholy settles on their eyes. While he with a father's anguish implores them to comply with his requests. He pledges his sacred honor that they shall have justice, if they but ask it peaceably. Now their countenances are seen to brighten; now they return to their tents. And again, all is good order and obedience throughout the camp. Such was the influence, such the purity, and such the magnanimity of *Washington*.

MISCELLANY.

From the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

The following extraordinary escape is related by Mr. Stewart, Chaplain of the ship Guerriere, belonging to the United States. The case occurred on the 19th of June, 1829, when the vessel was sailing into the harbor of Callao.

While partaking of a hasty dinner, the call "All hands to bring the ship to an anchor, ahoy!" echoed around our decks. Every face was beaming with brightness at the propitious termination of our long voyage, and in the punctilious silence rigidly exacted in bringing a man-of-war to anchor, I was yielding myself to thoughts of grateful adoration at the kind Providence which had brought so large a company of us in health and safety over so wide a waste of sea, when the first order in lessening sail, "furl the royals," was given by the commanding officer. It was scarce done, before the hitherto unheard and appalling cry, "A man overboard! a man overboard!" passed rapidly from the forecastle to the quarter deck; and as the moment after it was known that one of the crew had fallen from the fore-royal yard, a height of more than one hundred and fifty feet, into the sea, a shudder of horror passed over every one, in the persuasion that he was utterly lost.

I was standing, at the moment, on the signal locker at the stern, the ship moving at the rate of five knots; and had time only to turn round before the poor fellow rose, struggling, to the surface in our wake. He was stunned and strangling, and incapable of lifting up his face from the water; but still appeared to understand the calls of the officers, cheering him to every effort till assistance could be rendered. The life-buoys were already cast away, the ship ordered about, and the boats manned and lowering; but in the haste and excitement the tackles became entangled; the boats, on touching the water, were incapable of being unhooked; and the headway of the ship was still such, that in an instant both were filled and swamped! Thus, instead of one poor fellow struggling for life, fourteen of our number were in hazard of death; three lieutenants, one midshipman, and ten of the crew. I was blind with agony; and knowing that by remaining on deck I should only be in the way of others in every possible effort for the rescue of such as might escape, I hastened to my state room to give vent to the feelings which were overpowering me, in ardent supplication and tears to the Hearer of prayer, that He would have mercy upon us, would spare us the judgments of his providence, and

redeem from death the lives exposed to a watery grave.

As to the poor fellow who had fallen from aloft, I at once gave him up as lost, thinking it impossible, that, after the shock which he must have received in striking the water from such a height, he could keep himself afloat the additional time which would now be requisite to his rescue; but happily, one of the life-buoys floated so near him as to attract his bewildered observation; and seizing it, he was enabled to retain his grasp, and keep himself from drowning, till picked up by a boat, lowered as soon as practicable, and with better success than the first two.

Most happily, instead of many being drowned, all escaped with life; some, who could not swim, by clinging to the boats; three, by getting upon the life-buoys; and three by swimming. A moment's longer delay, however, in the arrival of a boat, and one, if not two, of these must have perished. One of the Lieutenants, a fine officer, and a favorite both with his messmates and the crew, after struggling till he was entirely exhausted, and begging aid from a companion at his side,—which to have given would only have been to involve both in the same fate, exclaimed, "Then I must go!" and had twice sunk and risen again, and was a third time under the water, probably to rise no more, when the boat approached so near, that one of the crew, seeing the extremity of the case, threw himself into the water, seized the drowning man by his hair, and succeeded in drawing him into the cutter. He was entirely insensible, however when brought on board; and after being resuscitated he endured great agony till thrown into a deep sleep.

The scene was a severe shock for the time; but the kind providence manifested in the issue of the casualty crowned the whole with conspicuous mercy.—*Stewart's Visit to the South Seas.*

From the same.

AN ITALIAN NOBLEMAN.

It is the privilege of the children of God every where and in all things to be instructed: and especially to have their faith strengthened, by observing how exactly the word of God is fulfilled in his providential dealings, both with themselves and others. Many an event, inexplicable to the multitude, is well understood by those who know that "what a man soweth that shall he also reap" and that, "with what measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again." The following remarkable event, (which was repeated to the writer by the late excellent Miss Wesley,) may be considered illustrative of that scripture, "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in the name of Christ, he shall not lose his reward."

A young Italian nobleman, who had never been a subject of religious instruction, and to whom the name of Christ, as belonging to the Saviour of the world, was scarcely known, was remarkable for his selfishness, and hatred of the poor. It happened one day that a beggar, by some means, had gained admission into his grounds, and presented himself before the open windows of a room in which the young nobleman was taking some refreshment. The servant in waiting was immediately ordered to drive him out. The poor man begged for Christ's sake, that he would give him a piece of bread, for he was perishing with hunger. This appeal very powerfully affected the mind of the young man; insomuch that, to the great surprise of his

METHODIST PROTESTANT.



BALTIMORE:

FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1832.

"If it had not been the Lord who was on our side when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler, the snare is broken and we are escaped. Our help is in the Lord who made heaven and earth."

Is not this the language of all the truly pious and zealous friends to representation who were ejected from the Methodist Episcopal Church by the violence of *their own brethren*, merely because they dared to publish that the church ought to be represented in her counsels as well by the laity as the ministry—and because when the hand of priestly oppression was raised to cut off the friends of representation, they published those horrible acts of proscription, at which, probably angels were astonished, whilst the virtuous and the good amongst men were shocked in the best sensibilities of their nature.

Yes, some of these preachers of righteousness as they were supposed, haled those faithful sentinels of the rights of their enslaved brethren to mock trials, and to church extermination, and it is thought by hundreds, that had some of them possessed the power they would probably have subjected them to the loss of property, if not to heavier pains and penalties,—we say we report this as the opinion of hundreds, and we might say it is that of thousands.

If He that sitteth in the heavens will not hold them personally responsible at his just tribunal for their merciless course, unless they truly repent we are greatly deceived in our thinkings, and meditations.

In this free and enlightened Republic, where the freedom of opinion is secured under the sacred guarantee of the constitution, some Methodist preachers with a few of their satellites have perpetrated the sad deed of expelling their brethren and fathers from the church, for daring to give *the truth in evidence* on the subject of an enslaved church fellowship, and for publishing the marked malignancy of men in authority towards those who dared to speak, or write upon the subject of their just claims.

We regret exceedingly, that the great body of the membership have been purposely kept ignorant of these tragic scenes, and of the circumstances which produced them. It cannot be, that the intelligent of the membership would tolerate such an ungodly course, were they in possession of all the facts. If they have heard of these acts at all, it has been either by preachers or their dependants, who have misrepre-

sented the facts in the cases of the persecuted, from interested views—we mean, the love of place and power. For we believe no unbiased mind could be found, but would revolt at conduct so shameless, as that involved in the late expulsions. Yes, the brethren who were expelled for principles sake may well exclaim, “had not the Lord been on our side when our brethren rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick.”

The God of the persecuted few, thanks be to his holy name, did not permit their persecutors to hold the power of human life and death in their hands.—He permitted them to fall into the hands of those persecutors, who were by the laws of the country, forbidden to touch their persons or their lives. “*Our help is in the Lord, who made heaven and earth.*” He helped them by sending many dear and beloved brethren and friends to their succour. He knew their motives—and their objects. He saw their sincerity and their principles, and he put it into the hearts of hundreds to come to their rescue—they heard, they saw, they approved their objects and their conduct; and determined that they should be sustained. It appeared to be the intention of their opponents to leave them without a name in the christian world, as a people, and without a sanctuary to offer their supplications, and their praises to the Most High. But they have escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. The snare is broken, and they have escaped. Unceasing praises will they render to God:—nor shall the kindness of their friends, ever be forgotten whilst memory holds its place in their being.

They who were excommunicated by self-assumed authority, as “unworthy a place in the church” of the Methodist preachers, have been recognized as fellow citizens of the household of the saints who worship God in the spirit—they have been assisted to establish a church where the rights of the membership have been sacredly secured—whilst the ministry have awarded them a high estimation for their works’ sake.

In the space of three short years, as a people, we have acquired hundreds of temples in which to worship God; and tens of thousands now wait on the ministry of the word of life, as preached amongst us. *What hath God wrought* for us! we may exclaim with the glow of holy gratitude. Have we not been strangely called from persecution and excommunication? We who were not a people, are now a people.—What is all this for, unless it be to shew forth the praise of Him who hath called us. Greater blessings are in store for us if we be a *holy, humble, undefiled, and zealous people.* But should we become otherwise, we should dishonor God our helper, and the cause of Christian liberty. Having our existence as a church in this enlightened age, we are imperiously called to be distinguished for personal piety towards God

CHOICE ADVICE.

Fill up your time so fully with useful employments as to leave little leisure for pursuits of a doubtful character. Endeavor further to acquire such a strong sense of duty, such a taste for contemplations of a higher order, and such well arranged habits of sacred duty and devotion, as may supersede the temptation to devote to idle if not injurious amusement, moments which may be so much more profitably given to the great care of “making your calling and election sure.” Keep in mind the claims which your family, your friends and society, have upon your hours of retirement; and the importance of so employing those hours, be they few or many, that your body and mind may be refreshed for the returning duties of each successive day. And lastly, guard against habits of idle curiosity, and be not ashamed to own that there are many things with which neither your time nor your taste permits you to be acquainted, and least of all, with every new tale that happens to be the subject of popular conversation.

M. E. H.

and for the maintenance of the liberties of His children.

Brethren, our march is onward. Tens of thousands bid us a prosperous journey to glory and to God. May we be humbled under a sense of the goodness of our Heavenly Father.

We have received a copy of THE WESTERN LYRE, a new selection of Sacred Music, including a number of new and original tunes, with a concise introduction to the art of singing, by W. B. Snyder and W. L. Chappell, published for the compilers and authors, by J. H. Wood, Bookseller, Cincinnati—which we respectfully and cordially recommend to the congregations of Christians generally, and to the friends of the Methodist Protestant Church, and those of musical science particularly. We learn that the compilers of the above mentioned work stand high in the estimation of many of the best judges of that science. Price \$1 per copy, with a liberal discount by the dozen or hundred copies. Orders will be received by the Publisher of this paper.

For the Methodist Protestant.
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

[Continued from page 69.]

In our last paper we said, there are large bodies of Protestant Christians who, while they reject the doctrine of transubstantiation, as a gross and pernicious error, yet hold that of consubstantiation; and believe the real body and blood of Christ are present with the bread and wine, and are eaten and drunk, by faith, in the Lord's Supper. We also adduced several quotations from creeds, communion service, and hymns, in proof of our assertion. We are not informed by the advocates of consubstantiation, how "the body of Christ is in, with, and under the bread, so that the bread still remains bread, but Christ's real body is present with the bread." Nor are we informed by those who advocate "eating the body and drinking the blood of Christ by faith," how this is accomplished. Perhaps they will tell us, these are mysterious matters belonging to our creed, which are not to be explained. In the mean time, however, we will examine the passages of Scripture on which they found their opinion. These are 1 Cor. x. 16. and xi. 29.

The first passage reads: "The cup of blessings which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? and the bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" The advocates of the real presence give their sense of this passage thus: "The bread which we break is a partaking of the body of Christ; and likewise the cup of blessings is a partaking of the blood of Christ." Now, did the Apostle design to teach, that the cup conveyed the blood of Christ, and that the bread did the body of Christ; and, that those who drank of the cup partook of the blood of Christ, and those who eat of the bread partook of the body of Christ? If he did design to teach these things, then, verily, has he taught the irrational and monstrous doctrine of transubstantiation. It cannot mend the matter for us to say, "the means whereby the body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper, is faith," for this assertion only increases the absurdity, and actually shrouds the service in more impenetrable darkness and obscurity than even the doctrine of transubstantiation itself.

In the passage under consideration the Apostle unquestionably teaches neither the doctrine

of transubstantiation, consubstantiation, nor any other mystical eating and drinking the body and blood of Christ. Paul was warning the Corinthian Christians of the danger of mingling with idolators at their idol feasts, and proving to them, that the act involved them in idolatry; that it was a joint participation in the worship of Idols, and made them to have fellowship with devils, and the worshippers of devils; and was, in effect, a public renunciation of their fellowship with Christ and his church. "I speak unto you as wise men, judge ye what I say." Understand the nature and design of your own eucharistal feast. Do not we, who are the disciples of Christ, consider our joint drinking of the cup in the Lord's Supper, as a symbolical and public declaration of our joint partaking of the benefits procured by the shedding of the blood of Christ? and our joint eating of the bread we break as a symbol of our joint partaking of the benefits obtained through the breaking of the body of Christ on the cross? Do we not thus make a public declaration of his death and passion, and of our faith and hope in him, and that we are his worshippers and servants? How unbecoming and wicked then would it be in us to partake of an idolatrous feast of "things sacrificed to devils," and thus have fellowship with devils, and the worshippers of devils?—"Nay, ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils; ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table, and the table of devils," without renouncing your faith in Christ, and giving the lie to your public profession of being the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Dr. Whitby says, that *Koinonia* (*Koinonia*) *Communion*, cannot here signify the real and substantial communication of the body and blood of Christ, since that sense renders the Apostle's argument infirm; for how doth it hence follow, that because Christians eat substantially the body, and drink the blood of Christ, therefore they who eat the idol sacrifices are guilty of idolatry? Moreover, the eating of things offered to idols could not in this sense make them that did it *communicators of the devils*; for surely they did not eat the substance of the devils. This, therefore, cannot be the import of the word. The Doctor explains the matter thus: "The cup of blessings which we bless, or receive with thanksgiving for it, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? is it not that rite by which we Christians profess to hold communion with, and own him as our Lord and Saviour, who shed his blood for us? The bread which we break, is it not also the communion of the body of Christ? that is, do we not, by eating at his table, declare our fellowship with him, and own him as our Lord, whose body was thus broken? Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and thereby declare your fellowship with him, and that you own him as your Lord, in opposition to all others, and yet drink the cup of devils and so make the like acknowledgment concerning them; Ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table, and the table of devils." Whitby's Annotations.

Dr. Macknight paraphrases the passage thus: "The cup of blessings in the Lord's Supper, for which we bless God, and which we drink, is it not the symbol of our joint participation of the blessings procured by the blood of Christ? The loaf which we break and eat, is it not the symbol of our joint participation of the benefits belonging to the body or church of Christ?"—Macknight on the Epistles.

The notion of eating and drinking the body and blood of Christ by faith has always appear-

ed to us to be utterly unintelligible. We can comprehend what it is to believe in Christ as the promised Messiah, the Son of God, the Redeemer of men, the Saviour of the world, the judge of quick and dead. We know what is meant by being saved by grace, through faith in Christ; and of being kept by the power of God through faith. But we have never been able to understand how the Lord's body, which was broken on the cross, and his blood which was shed on Calvary, can be eaten and drunk by faith. Nearly thirty years ago, the writer of this paper endeavored to get from one of the advocates of this notion an explanation of his opinion; but when it was given, darkness was upon the face of it, and it was utterly unintelligible. We are inclined to the opinion, that every attempt at explanation or even defence of the notion of eating and drinking the real body and blood of Christ, by faith, or in any other manner, must necessarily be attended with difficulty and confusion, because the notion is irrational and unscriptural.

The second passage cited, reads:—"For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." 1 Cor. xi. 29.

It is said Paul here teaches, that the real body of Christ is present in the Supper, and those who eat and drink without discerning his body, eat and drink unworthily, and bring upon themselves damnation. This most extraordinary view of the passage is truly alarming, and, if correct, would alone be sufficient to deter half the christians in the universe from approaching the Lord's table. There is no question but that it has prevented thousands.

To rescue the passage from so wild a construction, and to exhibit it in its true import, it will be necessary to view it in connection with the preceding matter. It appears that the Christians, at Corinth, had been guilty of great improprieties in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. "When ye come together, therefore, into one place, this is not to eat the Lord's Supper. For in eating, every one taketh before other, his own supper; and one is hungry, and another is drunken." Verses 20, 21. The import appears to be this; When you assemble in your place of worship to celebrate the Lord's Supper, you are so intent on having a feast, that you lose sight of the nature and design of the Lord's Supper, spend your time, like the idolaters, in eating and drinking; and some of you who are hungry or gluttonous, eat to excess; and others, who are fond of wine, drink to excess; and thus sin against God, and pervert the institution of Christ, making that solemn service a part of a common feast. "What, have ye not houses to eat and drink in (with your friends) or despise ye the church of God," &c. In reference to this great perversion of the Lord's Supper, and to the unworthy and intemperate use of the elements, the Apostle declares, that he who eateth and drinketh in this unworthy manner, "eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body;" that is, not distinguishing the symbols of the body and blood of Christ, from common bread and wine, as used in an ordinary feast. Hence says the Apostle in the following verse: "For this cause, many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep." Many among you are diseased and languishing, and many are dead in consequence of God's displeasure.

The Greek word here rendered "discerning," is *diakrinō* *diakrinon*, from *dia* denoting separa-

METHODIST PROTESTANT.

tion, and *krino* to judge, importing to distinguish, discriminate, or to make a difference. Hence in Acts 15. 9. "And God, who knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as he did unto us. And put no difference (diekrine) between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith." And in Jude, 22d verse: "And of some have compassion, making a difference."

In the English Bible, printed in 1568, this clause, B. Pearce informs us, is translated "*he maketh no difference of the Lord's body.*" Dr. Macknight paraphrases the verse thus: "For he who eateth and drinketh the Lord's Supper improperly subjects himself to punishment, because he does not discriminate the symbols of the body of the Lord from the common bread and wine designed for the nourishment of life." Dr. Whitby's note on the word *unworthily*, deserves attention. "It signifies their (the Corinthian Christians) behaving themselves as if they had not considered that this sacrament was instituted in thankful and practical remembrance of Christ dying for them, and ratifying by his blood the covenant in which he promised, *to be merciful to their iniquities, and remember their sins no more;* and as a *feast of love* designed equally for the benefit of all his members, and to knit them in the closest bonds of unity and friendship to each other. When this was wanting, they did not discern aright the Lord's body, or the sacrament (symbols) of it, and so did eat and drink *unworthily.*"

To eat and drink the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper *unworthily*, is to eat and drink as the Corinthians did. To eat the supper without reference to Christ's sacrificial death, and to eat and drink of the symbols intemperately. Therefore no Christian of our day may have any fear of eating and drinking at the Lord's table *unworthily* while he carefully distinguish between this and an ordinary feast, endeavours to honour Christ in the service, and uses the elements temperately.

We are now prepared to answer the question; Of what does the Lord's Supper consist? We reply, *of common bread and wine*, which serve as the symbols or emblems of the broken body and shed blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. "The same night he was betrayed he took bread, and when he had given thanks he brake it." The bread our Lord used on that occasion was unquestionably unleavened bread; for there was no other kind used in all Judea during the whole period of the passover or feast of unleavened bread. The circumstance of our Lord's using unleavened bread at the institution of his supper, gave rise to a warm controversy between the Greek and Latin churches, the former contending for the use of leavened bread, and the latter for unleavened bread.—Some commentators are very tenacious for the use of unleavened bread by all Christians in the celebration of this rite; but as our Lord used the common bread of the time, and as neither he nor his disciples have given any specific directions concerning the kind of bread to be used in the Supper, we are disposed to consider it a matter of small importance what kind be used. But for this we contend, that the Lord's Supper is to consist of bread and wine only, and we utterly reject transubstantiation, and consubstantiation, and every unscriptural and mystical representation of receiving the symbols of the broken body and shed blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

[To be continued.]

OLD METHODIST CONNEXION PREACHERS' POWER
CHANGING AND DECLINING.

[Concluded.]

To the editor of the Wesleyan Protestant Methodist Magazine.

Of one thing Methodism may boast—it is consistent. Throughout it is a system of slavish principles, and lordly rule. There is no spurious mixture of affected liberalism. Methodist preachers are priests, and they avow it; they exact submission, and they justify their exaction; they keep the people down, and they plead their right to do so. They are themselves of the powers that be, and under the influence of an *esprit de corps*, they require from their subjects plenary obedience to all constituted authorities. Thus, in the words of Mr. Watson, they call on the people in spiritual concerns to be "docile, obedient to the word of exhortation, willing to submit in the Lord to those who preside over them, and are charged to exercise Christ's discipline." Let the friends of the liberties of man look with a jealous eye on the Methodist community. They have been slaves, they are slaves, and they would, too many of them, be tools to enslave others. The preachers have been tyrants, they are tyrants, and they would, too many of them, be tools to enslave others. In making this assertion we only say, that men will act in consistency with their recognized principles.

Our fears of the probable effects of Methodistic influence are much abated by knowing that a change is going on in the Methodist community. Liberal principles are gaining ground in the minds of many. A determination to defend and multiply their actual liberties no few have manifested. Discontent with the present state of things is widely spreading. Hundreds have seceded to the diminution of the influence of Conference; and thousands are prepared to change the aspect of affairs, or to leave Egyptian bondage. We wish all such God speed. No cause is dearer than the defence of the rights of man—none more holy than the liberty wherewith Christ has made all his followers free. Let those who are justly discontented be true to this sacred cause. Let them be strong, and acquit themselves like men. In bondage they may be sure true religion cannot flourish. To be pious, men must first be free; freedom and piety are twin sisters; they are born of the same parent, nursed of the same sincere milk of the word, and they pine and die if permanently separated. Their language to each other is that of Ruth to her mother-in-law—"whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." On account of this indissoluble union we esteem liberty before all other things, and on the same account we have a lasting controversy with the rulers of the Methodists. We forgive them every thing—all their extravagancies; but their wounds on liberty we cannot forgive. These, together with the weapons by which mainly they have inflicted them, namely, pious frauds and holy horror, are our perfect abomination. We quarrel with no man for his creed, we can tolerate fanaticism; but the tyrant, whether on a large or small scale, in whatever sect, however disguised, shall meet with no quarter from us. Let the virtuous indignation that is now kindling in the Methodist community rise to a loud and yet louder note. Those who feel it, have

but to resolve to be free, and who or what can withstand them? Let them expand their views; there is need; let them emerge from their former darkness not partially, but to the full and perfect day; let them grow and speedily into the full proportions of men in Christ, and myriads will rise up and call them blessed. The day is auspicious to their exertions. The power of the Conference is on the wane. The rate of increase in their servants is annually growing less. The flow of wealth into their coffers is subsiding to a gentle and shallow stream. In the very symbols of their greatness are seen elements of their decay. They won their way to extended dominion by unpretending and undorned simplicity. They are losing their hold on the people's minds, and their means of swaying the people's affections, by the pomp and splendour and dignity which they affect in their forms and places of worship. They are challenging a contrast with the Establishment which will prove their bane, and they are subduing their original fervour, and veiling with gaudy coverings their original plainness, by which they are hastening on their own dissolution. As preachers, anxious to lead men from sin to God, they were irresistible in their appeals to the people; but as "pastors," as a "distinct order," as "possessing inherent rights," as governing *jure divino*—with the much affected prefix of reverence, or the more aspiring appellation "bishop or superintendent," as a body of men caballing for the fattest stalls,* and seeking the flock for the fleece, as "men of learning," and lovers of splendour and power more than of God, they will find labour enough to hold the ground they have gained, and would do well if they wish to avoid disappointment, to renounce all hope of extending their empire. "I read church history," says Calamy, "and could not help observing with many others that have gone before me, that as the fondness for church power and pomp increased, the spirit of serious piety declined and decayed among those that bore the name of Christians." This result and its natural consequences, decline of members and resources, would even now have been observable to a greater extent than it is, had it not been for the disinterested labours of the local preachers and of the lay instrumentality generally, which, nevertheless, the "pastors" underrate, not to say contemn.

We have spoken of change in the Methodist body. In one particular the symptoms of change are very marked. Few need to be told that Mr. Wesley was a field preacher, that Methodism advanced considerably among the people by field preaching. Yet no sooner had the system lodged itself in splendid houses, decked in purple and fine linen, and led its advocates to fare sumptuously every day, than it forgot the poor beggar without; nay, more, forbade those who desired to go into the highways and compel them to come in. The minutes of Conference bear testimony too ample to this change, and give evidence too ample in support of a charge of grievous inconsistency. Field preaching was justified by Mr. Wesley on the ground of an alleged exigency. It was in his time the way of God's own indication, for thousands were perishing for lack of knowledge. Now it cannot be pretended that with an increasing population and increasing crime, the exigency has been or is less. Why then have the Conference excommunicated members again and

*Myles' History, p. 240.

again for carrying the gospel to those who felt no prompting to come to seek it, forgetful alike of the early history of Methodism, and the early history of the gospel? *The system of itinerancy is also on the decline.* At first a Methodist preacher remained at most but a few months in a place. This time was then extended to one year. Afterwards, with a view to the accommodation of certain influential preachers, permission was given by that "most perfect aristocracy on earth," the Conference, to the few who have influence in congregations, to petition for the continuance of an acceptable orator for a second year. But now the rulers of the oligarchy manage things still more to their own advantage. A circuit may contain five preachers, and consist of one large town. B., the secretary, or perchance the president of the Conference, wishes to remain in this large town, where he was well "accommodated" as to "provision and labour." In consequence, he changes his place upon "the plan," without changing his locality in space, and remaining snugly lodged in the same abode, circulates as a preacher, year after year, round a circuit limited by the circumference of one town. And this to him, and to all besides who are of "the powers that be," is *itinerancy*, these are "*traveling preachers.*" Could Mr. Wesley himself rise from his grave and appear before the chief men in the chief stations of Methodism, Mr. Wesley, who, for fifty years, travelled, preaching and writing incessantly, about four thousand five hundred miles every year, and see them making speedy progress to rival the incumbents of the church in their incumbency, how would he feel the ardour re-kindled in his bosom in which he flogged, when he first began his public ministry, the lazy and sleeping servants of the Establishment!

These several tokens of change and decay, would, we are free to confess, occasion to us much regret, were it not that the *spirit of Methodism is a spirit of despotism.* The work of evangelists, we should rejoice to see the Conference carry on in triumph from one extremity of the kingdom to the other. It is a work that is greatly needed, and for what they have done therein we thank them; but when we think of the *slavish principles* and despotic rule of the Methodist hierarchy, we rejoice that change and decay are visible in their institutions; and in anticipation of events of another century, we take up the "proverb" uttered of old in exultation over the fall of the king of Babylon, and say, "how hath the oppressor ceased!"*

In the state of things of which we have spoken, the path which the Conference ought to pursue, with a view to their own interests, is manifest. If they wish to retain and perpetuate their power, they must loosen the reins of their government. Let them venture no farther. It is the last drop which causes the cup to overflow. Their subjects have borne as much as they can, and as much as, in their present state, they will. *They know and feel they are oppressed:* they are alive in part to a sense of their rights. Many have indignantly flung from their shoulders the yoke of bondage, others yet bearing it feel their cheeks mantle with shame. Let the Conference then see to its future measures. Let it abandon all Jesuitical dealings, and all forced constructions of law. Let it abate, somewhat at least, of its lofty notions. *Let the priest sink into the brother;* it is a more honourable and endearing relation; and as brethren, let

those who are now rulers in Israel treat with the people in a spirit of Christian equality. Thus may the Conference retain all the influence which it ought to possess, and still carry forward to the satisfaction of good men of all sects, the great work which its founder began."

[*Monthly Repository.*]

DYING SAYINGS OF MARTYRS.

Dr. Huss, when the chain was put about him at the stake, said with a smiling countenance. "My Lord Jesus Christ was bound with a harder chain than this for my sake, and why should I be ashamed of this old rusty one?"

Jerome, of Prague, observing the executioners about to set fire to the wood behind his back, cried out, "Bring thy torch hither! Perform thy office before my face! Had I feared death, I might have avoided it."

John Lambert, just before he expired, lifted up such hands as he had, all flaming with fire, and cried out to the people with his dying voice in these words, "None but Christ! None but Christ!"

George Wishart at the stake said, "This fire torments my body, but no whit abates my spirits."

Laurence Saunders, when he came to the place of execution, fell to the ground and prayed, and then arose and took the stake in his arms to which he was to be chained, and kissed it, saying, "Welcome the cross of Christ! Welcome everlasting life!"

Robert Ferrar said, (after a person had been talking to him of the severity and painfulness of that kind of death which he was to undergo,) "If you see me once to stir while I suffer the pains of burning, then give no credit to the truth of those doctrines for which I die." And by the grace of God he was enabled to make good this assertion.

John Bradford, turning his face to John Leaf, a young man about twenty years old, who suffered with him, said, "Be of good comfort, brother: for we shall sup with the Lord this night." He then embraced the reeds, and repeated Matt. vii. 13.

Bishop Latimer at his execution, said to bishop Ridley, who suffered with him, "We shall this day, brother, light such a candle in England, as shall never be put out!"

Bishop Ridley said to the smith as he was knocking in the staple which held the chain, "Good man, knock it in hard; for the flesh will have its course."

John Philpot when he was come into Smithfield, kneeled down and said, "I will pay my vows in thee, O Smithfield!" Being come to the stake he kissed it, and said "Shall I disdain to suffer at this stake, when my Lord and Saviour refused not to suffer a most vile death upon the cross for me?"

Archbishop Crammer, who signed the Popish tenents only through fear of death, at his execution said, "This is the hand that wrote, and therefore it shall first suffer punishment." Fire being applied to him he stretched out his right hand into the flame till it was consumed, crying with a loud voice, "This hand hath offended!" and often repeating, "This unworthy right hand!"

That was a Christian expression of one of the martyr's to his persecutors: "You take a life from me that I cannot lose: which as if you should rob me of counters and furnish me with gold."

Ignatius said, "The wild beasts may grind me as corn between their teeth, but I shall by that become as choice bread in the hand of my God!"

It is reported of Hooper the martyr, that when he was going to suffer, a certain person addressed him, saying, "O sir, take care of yourself, for life is sweet, and death is bitter." "Ah, I know that," replied he: "but the life to come is full of more sweetness than this mortal life; and the death to come is full of more bitterness than this uncommon death."

When Herod and Nicetes attempted to turn Polycarp from the faith, by insinuating that there was no evil in calling Caesar Lord, and offering sacrifices to him, he replied that he had served Jesus Christ for many years, and had always found him a good Master; that he should therefore submit to all the tortures they should inflict, rather than deny him.—And when he was threatened to be burnt, he replied to the proconsul, "Thou threatenest me with a fire that burns for an hour, and dies; but are ignorant of the fire of the future judgement and eternal damnation reserved for the ungodly. But why do you make delays? Order what punishment you think fit.

It is recorded concerning one of the martyrs, that when he was going to the stake, a nobleman besought him in a compassionate manner to take care of his soul. "So I will," he replied, "for I give my body to be burnt rather than have my soul defiled."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

I saw a mourner standing at eventide over the grave of one dearest to him on earth. The memory of joys that were past came crowding on his soul. "And is this," said he, "all that remains of one so loved and so lovely? I call, but no voice answers. Oh! my loved one, wilt thou not hear? O death! inexorable death! what hast thou done? Let me lie down and forget my sorrow in the slumber of the grave!"

While he thought thus in agony, the gentle form of Christianity came by. She bade him look upward, and to the eye of faith the heavens were disclosed. He heard the song and the transport of the great multitude which no man can number around the throne. There were the spirits of the just made perfect—there, the spirit of her he mourned!—Their happiness was pure, permanent, perfect.—The mourner then wiped the tears from his eyes, took courage, and thanked God;—"all the days of my appointed time," said he, "will I wait till my change come;" and he returned to the duties of life no longer sorrowing as those who have no hope.

The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

OBITUARY.

For the *Methodist Protestant.*

Departed this transitory life, on Sabbath evening the 15th of January last, after a painful illness of four day, MRS. MARY MORELAND, consort of Mr. Leven Moreland, in the possession of a good hope of a joyful resurrection unto life eternal, through the merits and mediatis of her Divine Redeemer; leaving an affectionate husband and four children to lament her irreparable loss—but they sorrow not as those without hope. "Their loss is her infinite gain." She was a consistent and uniform member of many years standing of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She dignified her christian profession by her life and conversation—equally removed from the spirit of bigotry and austerity, her charity abounded to all and never failed.

*Vide Isaiah, chap. xiv.



POETRY.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

THE GRAVE.

The grave! the grave! oh fear ye not
That lowly, peaceful bed,
Where neither sin, nor grief comes near,
Nor sorrow's tears are shed.

The grave! the grave! why should we fear?
That silent humble home—
There Jesus laid his sacred head
And sanctified the tomb.

The grave! the grave! that narrow house,
Where breathless stillness reigns;
It is the pilgrim's resting place,
From all his toils and pains.

The grave! the grave! what tho' it bears
The lov'd one's form away!
'Tis but the cov'ring of that form
And shields the slumb'r'ing clay.

The grave! the grave! oh ye may fear
Who bow at pleasures shrine!
To you it is a dungeon drear,
Without one ray divine!

To you who seek no bliss beyond
The world's vain 'fleeting show,'
There's not a gleam of joy, or hope—
But dark despair and woe.

A solemn voice from yonder tomb
Now bids thee stop and think!
Ere yet the silver cord is loosed,
And broken at the brink.

Ere at the roseate fount of Health
The golden bowl is dash'd!
Or time's swift wheel has run its round,
And Life's last glimmer flash'd. M.W.T.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

By James Montgomery, esq.

[Matt. 25, 35—40.]

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Had often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer nay;

I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye,
That won my love—I knew not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered, not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,
And ate, and gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst,
Clear from the rock—his strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on,
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipt, and returned it, running o'er,
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night, the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloft;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof:
I warm'd, I cloth'd, I cheer'd my guest;
I laid him on my couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded; beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I rous'd his pulse, brought back his breath,
Reviv'd his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd;
I had, myself, a wound conceal'd,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next—condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honor'd him 'midst shame and scorn,
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd—if I for him would die?
The flesh was weak, my blood run chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted in disguise;
The tokens in his hand I knew;
My Saviour stood before mine eyes,
He spake, and my poor name he nam'd—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
"Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Q—The next Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, for the Pennsylvania District, will be held in the city of Philadelphia on the first Tuesday in April next, which will be on the third day of that month.

Q—We again remind those subscribers who have received the paper regularly since the 1st of January last, and who have not paid in advance, that two dollars and fifty cents are now due; and that, should the payment be deferred until the 1st of July next, three dollars will be required, according to the terms. These terms will be scrupulously adhered to by the publisher, and entries made accordingly. He cannot consent to act with partiality.

Bills, for unpaid subscriptions, have been generally forwarded. Where the paper has been discontinued, the transmission, per mail, of \$5, will be received for 1831 and 1832, and the paper for 1832 forwarded as published. Some few brethren have been displeased because the paper was not continued, although we had informed them, in sufficient time, that it would be stopped to all who should not have paid the previous year's subscription. We stated expressly that we wished only to make a just discrimination between those who intended to pay promptly and those who were wholly indifferent. We have suffered from a number, who, after having received perhaps from 10 to 20 numbers of the first volume, say they had never subscribed! The latter kind we wished to drop as injurious to our cause and the common interests of the church. It never was our intention to discontinue the paper to a good subscriber; but how were we know who were prompt, except by their promptness? Our paper dealers and printers require their bills to be punctually met, and we have, thank Heaven, met them—although, in many instances, we have had to borrow of private friends to enable us to accomplish that object. Our affairs have been bettered by our decisive course, and we intend to pursue it—otherwise ruin and overthrow would follow. We intend to be punctual, and we expect punctuality from others. We renew our grateful acknowledgements to the hundreds who have so cheerfully aided us with their subscription funds. They have our best wishes for the multiplication of their means.

Q—The Rail-road Views will be in readiness we hope in a few days, to serve such of our subscribers as paid before the 1st of December last, but who have not received them. The artists removed to another city, and by accident some of their materials were injured—we have assurances, however, that the views shall be sent to Baltimore in a few days. No time shall be lost in forwarding them, when received.

Remittances received for the present volume, viz.—
By J. H. for W. W. Pennell, Mrs. S. E. H. Peebles, and Josiah Waites. Jos. D. Lee, George Northerman. By D. B. Dorsey, for Thos. Holtzman and George W. Haller. By Wm. Collier, for James McCausland; Hendricks & Wantland; J. W. Cristfield. By Saul Henkle, for himself and Amos Laybourn. By W. L. Chappell, for A. McGuire, Moses Handley, D. Ashton, W. Young, J. S. Horne, E. Mudge, J. Kirby, J. E. Williams, J. Haughton, T. Wright, John Price, E. Tipton, J. Wood, E. Beall, W. Shinn, and T. Hanford. By C Springer, for James Fowler, and John B. Tilden. By B. H. Higginbothan, for himself, Henry C. Richards, and William Fisher. By T. K. Witsil, for Michael Gesner, and Benjamin Boswell. By Jos. Cramer, for Joseph Swingle. M. Munson. \$1. By A. Gray, for W. Lindsey, sen'r. By S. Naill, for S. Pearre. By J. Fister, for John Wyllis.

Remittances received on account of First Volume. viz.:
By W. W. Hill, for Jos. B. Hinton, for 1831 & 1832. W. H. H. Walton, for do. do. By J. D. Lee, for James Hutchers. By L. R. Reese, for D. Peck, J. Vaughan, and J. Keen. William Griffin, for 1831 and 1832. By S. Henkle, for Daniel McKinnon. By W. L. Chappell, for Luke Kent, E. Tipton, W. E. Beall, D. Ashton, H. Martin, and S. Martin. L. W. Spencer. By James Ruckers, for Joseph Hooper, John Spinkz, W. P. Smith, John Riard. By Jos. Cramer, for Conrad Swingle. By J. Fister, for Joseph Foster.

Receipts for Books—gratefully recorded.

J. M. Jennings,	-	-	-	\$11 93
B. G. Burgess,	-	-	-	20 25
R. B. Thompson,	-	-	-	13 08
W. H. Collins, per W. L. Chappell,	-	-	-	20 00
George Reed, per C. Springer,	-	-	-	3 00
C. Springer,	-	-	-	18 00
W. L. Chappell,	-	-	-	3 00
L. R. Reese,	-	-	-	2 90
B. Higginbothan,	-	-	-	12 50

Books forwarded since the 9th number, to

C H. Hines, Franklin, care of Eichbaum & Norvell, Nashville, Tennessee, one package. W. Morgan, Seaford, Delaware; Lewis F. Cosby, Abingdon, care of W. J. Holcombe, Lynchburg, Va. one box. Eden Foster, Batavia, care of Walter White, Rochester, care of S. Wood & Son, New York, per schooner Controle, one box. William Collier, Williamsport, care of John Gephart, Frederick, care of Mathias Collier, Hagerstown, Md. one box. K. S. Chopper, Philadelphia, one package.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

John C. French, John Harrod, R. B. Thompson, J. D. Lee, B. T. Howland, D. L. Burt, L. R. Reese, William Griffin, D. & C. Landreth, C. Springer, D. & J. Ames, W. L. Chappell, W. S. Greenwood, W. S. Stockton, D. Chambers, Jas. Ruckers, B. Higginbothan, (books will be sent,) T. K. Witsil, Jos. Cramer, (yes, \$4.) J. Bass, (corrected,) Jno. Williams, M. Munson, E. C. Brown, J. L. Snead, (papers sent,) Asbury C. Howard, Joseph Graham, P. Schmucker, Alson Gray, "G. J."

JOHN J. HARROD,

Has just Published,

The Life of Col. James Gardiner, by Dr. Philip Doddridge. This is a work which is in high repute amongst the more elevated part of the Christian public of all denominations, and cannot fail to interest every pious and intelligent reader—retail, 50 cts.

That beautiful little work, called the Death of Abel, translated from the German of Gessner, by Mary Collier—with handsome cuts by Horton,—retail 50 cents, with suitable allowance by the quantity. Orders received and executed with despatch.

TERMS.

Three Dollars for the year's subscription, if not paid by the first of July, or until the close of the year.

Two Dollars will be expected of all who pay at the time of ordering the paper, and will entitle the subscriber to receive the paper for the entire year. All new subscribers are required to pay at the time of subscribing.

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents will entitle the present subscribers to the paper for the year, if paid before the first day of July, next.—Fifteen Dollars remitted for new subscribers in advance, will entitle the person remitting to one copy gratis for the year.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM WOODY,
No. 6, S. Calvert-st. Baltimore.